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FIRST AND LAST VISIT TO THE DRAM SHOP.

Timothy Truesdall is the name we shall assign to a very worthy, thriving and industrious mechanic of New York who was a burthen to himself, a curse to his family, and nuisance to society at large; in short one of the most abandoned drunkards that ever took the measure of an unmade grave in a gotham gutter. He was not weaned from his degrading propensity by the Temperance, or tract, or any other society. Their logic was lost on Tim, who would have uncorked the bottle amidst the quakings and thunders of Mount Sinia, and drained it by the crater of exploding Vesuvius. It was woman's love that cured him, and all women may get a just idea of their own importance in society from this story.

Though he had a wife, & five beautiful children, Tim, seemed to be unconscious of the fact. He neglected his work, squandered his earnings, which daily grew smaller and smaller, and spent his time at the pot house, till the nigh prostration of all his faculties, or the distasteful words "No more trust!" warned him to seek the shelter of his wife's care and protection. His children could not go to school because learning was dear and rum was cheap; the landlord dunned for rent, and Mrs. Truesdall was obliged to keep in the house, because she had no dress fit to appear abroad, having pawned the last to pay the fine imposed on her spouse by Police Court. Misery, utter destitution and famine, stared the unhappy family in the face. It is impossible to exagerate the picture, even had we room and inclination.

Mrs. T. was a heroine, though, not of romance. She loved her worthless husband, and had borne his neglect, the tears of her children, the gripe of famine and the railing of the drunkard, without repining. Never had her exertions slackened; never had a harsh word passed her lips. At night when she put her children to sleep, she wept and watched for his coming, and when he came drunk as usual, she undressed and assisted him to bed without a murmur of reproach. At last her courage well nigh exhausted, she resolved upon a last desperate effort.

At night, having disposed of her three oldest children, she took her two youngest by the hand and bent her steps to the grogery her husband was accustomed to frequent. She looked into the window, and there he sat, in the midst of boon companions, with his pipe in his mouth, and his glass in his hand. He was evidently excited though not drunk. Great was the astonishment of that bad company, and enormous Mr. Truesdall's dismay and confusion, when his wife pale as marble, and leading two tattered and barefooted babes, stepped up to the bar, called for three glasses of brandy toddy, and then sat down by his side.

"What the devil brings you here Mary?' said he morosely.

"It is very lonesome at home, and your business seldom allows you to be there," replied the meek wife. "There is no company like yours, and as you cannot come to me I must come to you. I have a right to share your pleasures as well as your sorrows."

"But to come to such a place as this! expostulated Tim.

"No place can be improper where my husband is,' said poor Mary. "Whom God hath joined together let no man put assunder!' She took up the glass of alcohol.

"Surely you are not going to drink that?' asked Tim in huge astonishment.

"Why not? You say that you drink to forget sorrow, and if brandy has that effect, I am sure no living creature has so good an excuse for drinking as I. Besides I have not eaten a mouthful to day, and I really need something to support my strength.'

"Woman! Woman! you are not going to give the children such stuff as that!' cried Tim as she handed each of them a glass of liquor.

"Why not? Can children have a better example than their father's. Is not what is good for him good for them also? It will put them to sleep, and they will forget that they are cold and hungry. Drink, my children; drink, you can see how much good it does your father.'

With seeming reluctance Mary suffered her husband to conduct her home, and that night he prayed long and fervently, which he had not done before for years.

The next evening, as, O! miracle! he returned homeward with a steady step, he saw his oldest boy run into the house, and heard him exclaim "Oh mother! here comes father and he is not drunk!' Tears coursed down the parent's cheek, and from that hour he has not tasted strong drink. He has never been vicious or unfeeling, and, as soon as his emancipation from the thraldom of a debasing appetite became known, friends, employment and prosperity returned to him. As for Mrs. Truesdall, she is the happiest of women, and never thinks without pride of her first and last visit to a dram shop.

SORROW.

Sorrow is the genuine effusion of nature—joy may be assumed. Smiles may be on the lips and sweet music on on the tongue, yet have no acquaintance with the heart; but who will copy the expression of grief: wear the mask of a dreaded foe, or affect the pangs that remind us of the insecurity of happiness.

Education may refine, may renew, or efface original impressions, and silence some of the strongest emotions—but acute distress is the torrent that art cannot suppress; the voice that will be heard whether in cries aloud in the excess of anguish, or complaints of the pains of memory in solitude.

When nature speaks in the powerful language of affliction, and tells of delicate affections suddenly broken, few will turn away, and refuse to condole with the sufferer. Levity is serious and respectful; the rude, courteous and compassionate towards real sorrow, for it indicates the most amiable traits of human character—tears from such a source leave no stain on the cheek of manhood—on the pale face of woman, when she mourns in the character of a wife or a mother, they claim our admiration no less than our sympathies.

A MOTHER'S GRIEF.

A mother's grief is the most sincere of passions—the hand that takes away her child extracts blood from her heart, and rends the tenderest ties—the very helplessness of infancy, its little cares and joys, the gradual developement of its beauty and intelligence, tend to assist the growth of a mother's affections. Many have forgotten in age the companions of their youth—relations and false friends will often drive from their doors the wretch, who in prosperity, had been received; but a mother, through the vicissitudes of time, fortune and reputation, will know her child, and clasp it to her bosom. What love is comparable to her's?

The grief of a mother is of no ordinary kind and admits of no ordinary remedy—who will interrupt her with the offer of consolation? Neither the tongue of the sophist, nor the methodical truths of the philosopher have charms in the house of mourning. Language may not soothe, but it may partially describe the picture we lament.

THE DEVOTED WIFE.

She was a beautiful girl. When I first saw her she was standing by the side of her lover at the marriage altar. She was slightly pale—yet ever and anon, as the ceremony proceeded, a faint tinge of crimson crossed her beautiful cheek, like the reflections of a sunset cloud upon the clear waters of a lake. Her lover as he clasped her hand within his own, gazed on her for a moment with unmingled admiration, and the warm, eloquent blood shadowed at intervals his manly forehead, and "melted into beauty on his lips.

And they gave themselves to one another in the presence of heaven, and every heart blessed them as they went their way rejoicing in love.

Years passed on, and I again saw these lovers. They were seated together where the light of summer's sunset stole through the half closed and crimson curtain, lending a rich tint to the carpeting, and the exquisite embellishments of the rich and gorgeous apartment. Time had slightly changed them in outward appearance. The girlish buoyancy of the one had indeed given place to the grace of perfect womanhood, and her lip was somewhat paler, and a faint line of care was perceptible upon her brow. Her husband's brow too, was marked somewhat more deeply than his age might warrant; anxiety, ambition and pride had grown over, and left their traces upon it; a silver hue was mingled with the dark of his hair, which had become thin around his temples, almost to baldness. He was reclining on a splendid ottoman, with his face half hidden by his hand, as if he feared that the deep and troubled thoughts which oppressed him were visible upon his features.

'Edward, you are ill to night,' said his wife in a low, sweet, half inquiring voice, as she laid her hands upon his own.

Indifference from those we love is terrible to the sensitive bosom. It is as if the sun of heaven refused its wonted cheerfulness, and glared upon us with a cold, dim and forbidding glance. It is dreadful to feel that the only being of our love refuses to ask our sympathy—that he broods over the feelings which he scorns or fears to reveal—dreadful to watch the convulsive features and gloomy brow; the indefinable shadows of hidden emotions; the involuntary sigh of sorrows in which we are forbidden to participate, whose character we cannot know.

The wife essayed once more. "Edward,' said she slowly, mildly and affectionately, "the time has been when you were willing to confide your secret joys and sorrows to one, who has never, I trust, betrayed your confidence. Why then, my dear Edward, is this cruel reserve? You are troubled, and refuse to tell me the cause.'

Something of returning tenderness softened for an instant the cold severity of the husband's features, but it passed away and a bitter smile was his only reply.

Time passed on, and the twain were seperated from each other. The husband sat gloomy and alone in a damp cell of a dungeon. He had mingled with men whom heart loathed, he had sought the fierce and wronged spirits of his land, and had breathed into them the madness of revenge. He had drawn his sword against his country; he had fanned rebellion to a flame, and it had been quenched in human blood. He had fallen and was doomed to die the death of a traitor.

The door of the dungeon opened, and a light form entered and threw herself into his arms. The softened light of sunset fell upon the pale brow and wasted cheek of his once beautiful wife.

'Edward—my dear Edward,' said she, 'I have come to save you; I have reached you after a thousand difficulties and I thank God my purpose is nearly executed.'

Misfortune had softened the proud heart of manhood, and as the husband pressed his pale wife to his bosom, a tear trembled on his eyelash. 'I have not merited this kindness,' he murmured in the choked tones of agony.

"Edward,' said his wife, in an earnest but faint and low voice, which indicated extreme and fearful debility, we have not a moment to lose. By an exchange of garments you will be able to pass out unnoticed. Haste or we may be too late. Fear nothing for me. I am a woman, and they will not injure me for any efforts in behalf of a husband dearer than life itself.

"But Margaret,' said the husband, 'you look so sadly ill. You cannot breathe the air of this dreadful cell.'

"Oh speak not of me, my dearest Edward said the devoted woman, 'I can endure any thing for your sake. Haste Edward, haste, and all will be well,' and she aided with trembling hand, to disguise the proud form of her husband in the female garb.

"Farewell, my love, my preserver,' whispered the husband in the ear of the disguised wife, as the officer sternly reminded the supposed lady the time allowed to her visit had expired. 'Farewell! we shall meet again,' responded his wife—and the husband passed out unsuspected and escaped the enemies of his life.

They did meet again—the wife and the husband; but only as the dead may meet in the awful communion of another world. Affection had borne up her exhausted spirit until the last purpose of her exertions was accomplished in the safety of her husband; and when the bell tolled on the morrow, and the prisoner's cell was opened, the guards found wrapped in the habilments of their destined victim, the pale but beautiful corpse of the devoted wife.

SINGULAR FACT.—A resident of Puckington, near Ilminster, hearing that his bees were more than commonly noisy and very busy, watched their proceedings when he discovered that they were actively engaged in killing the drones and throwing them from the hive. His attention was presently directed to a still more extraordinary fact, for underneath the stool on which the hive rested, he observed a large toad eagerly devouring the drones as fast as they fell to the ground; and when any length of time elapsed before one fell to the ground, he would apparently harken and look upwards in eager anticipation of a further supply.—Sherborne Journal.

A DESTRUCTIVE MACHINE.—A late london paper speaking of some newly invented exploding machines, which are not described, says:

"In my opinion, the merits of these inventions are so extraordinary as to vest the absolute sovereignty of the seas in the hands of the first power that shall adopt them; for I am fully convinced that it is impossible for anything that floats to resist them, either at close quarters or any given distance, even to a range of five or six miles. The strongest fortifications in Europe could not withstand these extraordinary powers for a single hour; in river-ways, and against stockades, as in India, the largest armies would be annihilated without a chance of escape, and the most difficult mountain passes would be utterly untenable against their operation. The country might by their application be rendered impregnable, for 100 sail of the line might be easily destroyed by a single small ship constructed on the principles I have had explained to me; and whenever it might be necessary to call this power into action, its effects would be attained at a trifling expense, and up on the shortest notice.'

THE POOR PRINTER.

AND THE EXCLUSIVE.

On the fourth of July, 18—, Harriet Lee might have been sitting on the sofa in her neat little parlor, in a house situated in P. street, New York. The metropolis was alive with men, women and children, of every color, class and creed—old men, whose heads were whitened with the snow of age—young men in the meridian of manhood, unitedly and unanimously agreed to 'drive dull care away,' and join the jubilee to celebrate the birth day of American Independence. Ever and anon the bursting thunder of artillery seemed to shake the island of Manhattan; the carved eagle sat perched upon a pole of liberty, and our star spangled banner became the plaything of the balmy wind.

Whilst among America's heart was brimful of joy and gratitude, there were numerous heartless, noble minded individuals bowed down with sorrow so pungent, and disappointment so bitter, that the soul stirring proceedings of the ever-to-be-remembered fourth could not raise their drooping spirits. The persons alluded to are Harriet and her suiter, William Malcolm. When the intelligent, patriotic and high minded William entered Harriet's apartment, he was disappointed and surprised to see the object of his love was bathed in tears. 'Why do you weep, my dear Harriet?' enquired William, in a voice rich as music; at the same time grasping affectionately her snowy tapering fingers, which were ornamented with three costly rings, the offerings which friendship and respect had laid upon the altar of her fairy hand. Harriet gently and gracefully raised her head, while the warm tears of grief flowed free and fast from drak hazel eyes, and fell upon her fair cheek like dew drops from a rose leaf. 'What can I do,' continued William, 'to tear away the dark drapery which seems to mantle your tender feelings in gloomy sorrow on this high and happy day?' Harriet's feelings were too big for utterance; she could not vent her thoughts in words so violent was the temper of excitement occasioned by one who had broken up the great deep of her heart. Soon after she was able to speak, she said she had just returned from a visit to her aunt R——, having paid her a visit for the purpose of inviting her to attend the anticipated wedding which would probably take place in a few days. She described the interview she had with her aunt, it was as follows:

When she had made known her errand her aunt observed—

'Is it possible that you, Harriet, have assumed the responsibility of pledging heart and hand to a man without soliciting my advice?

Harriet replied, 'When I first became acquainted with the man of my choice, I sought the advice of my mother, who happened to be in the city at the time; upon inquiry she discovered that my friend was an honest and honorable man, and had no objection to my associating with him; our friendship has ripened into love; we are pledged to each other and the wedding day is appointed.'

'What is the gentleman's name Harriet?

'His name is William Malcolm.'

'Is he a Physician, or a Lawyer, or a Merchant or a Minister—what is he?'

'He is a journeyman printer,' replied Harriet.

'A journeyman Printer!' exclaimed her aunt with emphasis. 'Do you intend to disgrace your connections by marrying a man who picks up type for a living? You must be foolish and your mother must be mad to sanction your folly; you need not imagine, Miss, that I shall condescend to mingle in the society of mechanics; you lack common sense or you would not thus throw yourself away.'

Harriet again replied:

'William is a respectable, industrious, and economical man, and loves.'

'It makes me think of casting pearls before swine,' continued the old aristocrat. 'You are a beautiful girl, your accomplishments are superior to the attainments of most girls of your age—how can you so lower yourself as to marry an illiterate mechanic!'

'My dear aunt, do you know that a printing office is an Academy, where lessons of useful knowledge are continually before the mind?—William is not an illiterate man, he is a selfmaught classical scholar, and occupies a lofty place in the estimation of all who know him.'

'I will pay the expense of your wedding and give you a splendid set of furniture, if you will try to forget him, and take my advice: there is Squire———, he thinks a great deal of you; would you not like to have him, or Doct.——— or Mr.———, the Merchant? You can, I have no doubt, marry either of these gentlemen, and thus keep up the dignity of your family?'

'Pa is a mechanic, and I am not too proud to marry a mechanic,' replied Harriet.

'Your father is my youngest brother; he is an extensive land holder; how can you call him a mechanic?'

'I have frequently heard him say,' replied Harriet,' that he earned his farm by diligently using the saw, the broadaxe, and the jackplane; furthermore, I have heard him say, that you, in your younger days, used to pound putty, and prime ashes, when uncle R—, could not afford to hire help; you have not forgotten that my dear uncle is a sash maker, it is but a few years since he relinquished that business.

Impudent creature, how dare thus insult me in my own house? your uncle is President of the Bank of ; and one of the richest men in this wealthy metropolis.'

'Aunt, I don't intend to insult you nor injure the feelings of my uncle; you know better than I do, that he sawed wood before he commenced shaving notes—yonder stands the old frame building which was once his humble residence.

'Harriet, you must quit my house immediately and never dare to darken the door again.'

Poor Harriet's feelings were wrought up to the pitch of excitement; when her proud and arrogant aunt spoke disrespectfully of William, she introduced the sarcastic remarks which mortified the old woman's pride. Until that morning she always respected her aunt, but her tyranny completely changed her feelings.

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On the 9th day of July, Mr. R , Harriet's uncle, whilst perusing one of the daily papers, discovered the following, and read it aloud to his wife.

'Married, in this city, on the 8th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Chase, Mr. William Malcolm, to Miss Harriet Lee, both of this city.' On the opposite page he saw a long editorial article respecting the wedding, the following is an extract:

'Last evening, in conformity with a polite invitation, we attended a wedding party; every thing went off with great eclat: the cake, coffee & wine, were excellent: the bride looked more like an angel than a human being, her hair was smooth and dark as a raven's wings, her mouth like blooming tulips. The groom we are well acquainted with; he is a clever fellow; the wealth of intellect shone on his superb forehead, and a great soul looked through his calm blue eyes, he is the talented author of several splendid articles which have appeared in our most popular periodicals. We understand he is about to assume the management of a periodical in this city. May the sunlight of success beam upon his exertions.'

Patient reader, allow the author to digress a few moments, in order to lay before you a brief history of the two professional men, and the merchant who was selected by Harriet's aunt as a suitable companion for a young lady, occupying such a conspicuous stand in society as she did. The phycian was an inferior looking man, rather ill formed and dwarfish. He was round shouldered, small twinkling grey eyes, a heavy intellectual brow, and mouth indicative of eloquence. Notwithstanding his personal appearance, he was esteemed and respected by a large acquaintance—he was a natural dwarf, but an intellectual giant—he was an ordinary looking man, but his attainments were rich and rare, his brilliant talents won for him an imperishable name on the page of immortality—by marriage he connected himself with a poor but honest family—he has obtained a princely fortune since the sacred band was riveted, and still lives to enjoy it with his amiable companion and beautiful children.

The lawyer was a tall graceful man, he had an eye like an eagle, was straight as a pine, and strong as Hercules; a large pair of brown whiskers fringed his expressive countenance, no artist ever chiselled a better looking mouth than his—a heavy mass of rich brown hair hung in clustering curls over his fine forhead. He arose to eminence in his profession the syreneong of flattery was perpetually sung in his ear—one praised him because of his eloquence, another alluded to his benevolence. At the age of twenty-five he married the daughter of a rich merchant.

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Let us over a period of ten years. In yonder white frame house in Centre street, New York, may be seen the wreck of a ruined man, his eyes are blood, his teeth yellow, his hand trembles, his face is as red as the rising sun—he is a victim of intemperance—if, reader, you choose to look into this dwelling house, you will find it neatly furnished, and clean as a new pin; a pale female, plying that little polished lance, the needle, attracts your attention—she has seen better days; but now she earns a subsistance for herself, her unfortunate husband, and three little ones. She is the wife of the talented and liberal lawyer, we spoke of a few seconds since; the bewitching voice of flattery spoiled him, he mingled much in society, was a public pet. His friends deemed it an honor to drink a social glass with him; thus he engendered an artificial appetite which like a serpent imprisoned him in its folds; his business neglected, his time misimproved his property worse than wasted, his intelect blunted, and his health destroyed.

The merchant was a hungry speculator, greedily after dollars and cent, wealth rolled in its golden tide around him, the more music there was in his purse the more friends he won; he was too stingy to get married; detirmined to get rich in a hurry, he leaned into the dark, he committed forgery; in Auburn prison may be seen the man who was selected for Harriet by her aunt; fortionately he has no wife nor children to mourn his fate.

We will now resume the narration of the poor printer's history. 'Twas on a bright and beautiful morning in the month of May, that one of the splendid steamers which ply between New York and Albany, was crowded with beauty and fashion; the passengers were amusing themselves by gazing on the romantic scenery which nature had spread with lavish hands on both sides of the Hudson. At noon the bell rung to inform the passengers that dinner was ready; a rush was made to the table, which was loaded with the richest luxuries the market could afford; at the head of the table sat a man somewhat advanced in life, the hand of time had scattered a few grey hairs upon his his head; the next seat to him was occupied by his wife: with an air of affected dignity she looked towards the door, which at that moment was opened by the captain who politely requested the gentleman and lady at the head of the table, to give up their seats to the Hon. William Malcolm and his lady! If a voice from Heaven, in tones of thunder had spoken they could not have been more surprised, than was Harriet's uncle and aunt when they in the presence of more than one hundred persons, were obliged to make room for the plebians they refused to associate with ten years previous to that event; to this proud pair of aristocrats, the scene was extremely humiliating—after all, it was an honor to sit by the side of this great self-made man; after the cloth was removed, a great many apologies were made by the old couple They invited the honorable Wm. M. and his lady to call and see them; they did so; and the old hypocrites strained every nerve to please the once poor printer and his beautiful wife.

William assumed the management of the periodical spoken of in the commencement of this article; his labors were crowned with success: at the close of the year he removed to the south, the same success attended his footsteps he rose in spite of the obstacles in his way to the honorable eminence he now occupies

THE LADIES—HEART ACHE. RY.—A late number of the Petersburg, Va. Intelligencer contains a lively and interesting account of a novel combat which came off a short time since, at Fauquier Springs: It consisted of "feats of Archerie," by sundry gentlemen, arranged into two parties, under the titles of the Reds and the Blues. The unmarried ladies were divided also to two parties of fifteen each, and each young lady selected her champion from among the aspirants for Hymeneal honors. The judges were matrons, aided by Benedicts chosen expressly to discharge the important duty of deciding which party won the prize. Lists were regulary laid out, rules drawn up, and all things done in a true formal style When the battle was once begun, with all the company looking on, the scene became deeply interesting. The mark, very appropriately, was a heart, and men ever being poor bunglers at this business, we may suppose some strange "shooting' was exhibited. A champion of the "red" won the prize, and his "ladye faire" crowned him in good old fashioned style, while in the evening she figured as the "Queen of Love and Beauty" at a ball.

A RESUSCITATION.—Professor Arndt, after being shut up in a fortress for 21 years, his struggles, his sufferings, and his name almost forgotten, have we learn by the German papers received last, been restored to liberty. Young men will ask, we are afraid in Germany as they ask in England, who is Arndt? Four and twenty years ago, a professor of his name was the terror of the German government He was imprisoned, not for his misdeeds, but his popularity. The students sung his hymns to liberty, repeated his burning words, and frightened kings By the patriotic exertions of the Germans, the French were driven across the Rhine, and when they claimed their promised reward of a liberal constitution, they were answered with stripes, dungeons and fetters. Arndt we believe, was one of those who felt most deeply the faithlessness of the king of Prussia, and most loudly and eloquently expressed his indignation For that he was imprisoned, and for that he has been kept in prison for 21 years. The present king of Prussia has the merit of releasing him, of restoring him to his professorship, and of compensating for a part of the pecuniary loss he has sustained by his imprisonment. But the tyrant who confined him could no more restore Arndt, the years of which he deprived him, than he could restore the dead to life. Arndt, has been robbed of his fame, past all human power to give him redress. For twenty one years he has been dead to Europe, and he comes forth from his dungeon only for men to ask, who is Arndt?—London paper.

EXCELLENT.—The following, from the Mobile Register, is an excellent hit at some of the Whig factions of the present day:

HOW TO MAKE TIMES GOOD.—Collect all the money due to you, and lavish it in log-cabins, hard-cider frolics, and lying banners—then call your creditors together & give them a note payable when the election of Harrison shall have made times so easy that labor will be abolished.

A NEW WAY TO MAKE MONEY PLENTY.—Get the Legislature to pass an act authorizing every man who has one hundred dollars to put it in a bank, and issue his promises to pay three hundred dollars, and induce the people to take these promises as money.

HOW TO MAKE POTATOES PLENTY.—Get the Legislature to pass an act authorizing every man who has a hundred bushels of potatoes, to issue his promises to deliver to A. B or bearer, three hundred bushels, & induce the people to take these promises as potatoes.

Assurance doubly sure.—There is quite a pleasent hit in the following, at the veracity of those who presume to doubt the infalibity of the political press which is truly amusing: 'Hearing a man complain that the political papers of all kinds "had become such liars that for his part he did not beleive any of them," reminds us of an anecdote of the miller and his three sons. Coming into the mill, and finding a grist in the hopper, the old man called out—"Tom, have you tolled this grist?" "Yes sir." "Bill, have you tolled this grist?" "Yes sir." *Sam, have you tolled this grist?*" "Yes sir" "You are a pack of lying scoundrels," says the old man, "I don't beleive a word you say—*I'll toll it myself.*"

Rise, I pray you rise! My dear sir, I am so fat, that it will take me twenty-four hours to *rise.*'